

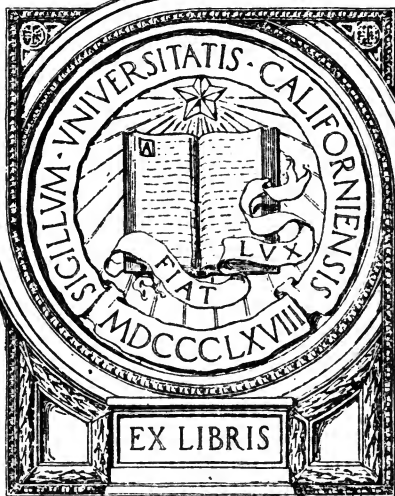
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THE
REVELATIONS OF PETER BROWN

THE REVELATIONS
OF
PETER BROWN

Poet and Peripatetic

FOUND IN HIS BLACK BOX

BY

JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY

(*JOHN FRANCIS WALLER*)

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P R E F A C E.

THE following pieces, with one exception, are part of a series of papers which appeared originally in a leading periodical.

Though I had no reason to be dissatisfied with their reception by the public at the time, I did not then entertain the idea of republishing them. Like other fugitive literature, they had served their purpose by affording amusement to the reader, and I was content. Recently, however, some of these pieces have been selected for public reading by the Rev. Charles Tisdall, D.D., and Mr. Bellew; and I am very conscious that the great favour with which they have been received is largely due to the ability of those

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accomplished gentlemen whom I now heartily thank.

Of Mr. Bellew, admittedly the finest reader of our times, it would be almost an impertinence to speak ; yet I cannot refrain from expressing my admiration of the power and pathos with which he rendered 'Isabel Clare.' Dr. Tisdall's recitation of 'Magdalena' was the performance of a master. With a voice of rare compass and variety of intonation, with great dramatic power and thorough appreciation of every sentiment, he was alike happy in humour, tenderness, sprightliness, and vigour.

A very general inquiry for these pieces emboldens me to republish them.

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

June, 1870.





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REVELATIONS OF PETER BROWN,

POET AND PERIPATETIC.

I READ the other morning, in the *Times*, amongst the deaths, ‘Suddenly, at Gibraltar, on the 3rd instant, Peter Brown, Esq.’ There are not half a dozen in the world that would care a rush for the announcement : it came on me like an electric shock. Not quite a month before, I had parted with Peter on the deck of the packet for Holyhead. Peter was counting his traps. ‘Confound it,’ said he, ‘the little black box is left behind. No matter, keep it till my return ; here’s the key ; open it if I die, Jonathan.’ ‘I will, Peter, as sure as you live—Good-bye.’

Peter was a vagabond in the proper, not the improper, sense of the word—a wanderer, like Cain, without the brand, except it might be the brand you would put on wine of the choicest vintage. A little stiff in the left shoulder and in his manner to strangers ; but he thawed before the warmth of friendship till his whole heart melted and flowed out on you. A celibate, a smoker, a shy man, and a humorist, few cared about him, and he returned the compliment.

I went into my study and opened the little black box. It was full of papers, and other articles that I may yet have to refer to—letters tied up in packets and posted and some manuscripts labelled—‘To be published (*quere*).’ Here is one of them.

JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

CARRIGBAWN, *August 20, 1861.*

No. I.

MAGDALÉNA.

NEAR the city of Sevilla,
Years and years ago—
Dwelt a lady in a villa
Years and years ago ;—
And her hair was black as night,
And her eyes were starry-bright ;
Olives on her brow were blooming,
Roses red her lips perfuming,
And her step was light and airy,
As the tripping of a fairy :
When she spoke, you thought, each minute,
’Twas the thrilling of a linnet ;
When she sang, you heard a gush

Of full-voiced sweetness like a thrush ;
And she struck from the guitar
Ringing music, sweeter far
Than the morning breezes make
Through the lime trees when they shake—
Than the ocean murmuring o'er
Pebbles on the foamy shore.

Orphaned both of sire and mother

 Dwelt she in that lonely villa,
Absent now her guardian brother
 On a mission from Sevilla.

Skills it little now the telling

 How I wooed that maiden fair,
Tracked her to her lonely dwelling
 And obtained an entrance there.

Ah ! that lady of the villa !

 And I loved her so,

Near the city of Sevilla,

 Years and years ago.

Ay de mi !—Like echoes falling

 Sweet and sad and low,
Voices come at night, recalling
 Years and years ago.

Once again I'm sitting near thee,
 Beautiful and bright ;
Once again I see and hear thee
 In the autumn night :
Once again I'm whispering to thee
 Faltering words of love ;
Once again with song I woo thee
 In the orange grove
Growing near that lonely villa
 Where the waters flow
Down to the city of Sevilla—
 Years and years ago.

'Twas an autumn eve ; the splendour
 Of the day was gone,
And the twilight, soft and tender,
 Stole so gently on
That the eye could scarce discover
How the shadows, spreading over,
 Like a veil of silver gray,
Toned the golden clouds, sun-painted,
Till they paled, and paled, and fainted
 From the face of heaven away ;

And a dim light rising slowly
O'er the welkin spread,
Till the blue sky, calm and holy,
Gleamed above our head :
And the thin moon, newly nascent,
Shone in glory meek and sweet,
As Murillo paints her crescent
Underneath Madonna's feet.
And we sat outside the villa,
Where the waters flow
Down to the city of Sevilla—
Years and years ago.

There we sate—the mighty river
Wound its serpent course along—
Silent, dreamy Guadalquiver,
Famed in many a song.
Silver gleaming 'mid the plain
Yellow with the golden grain,
Gliding down through deep, rich meadows,
Where the sated cattle rove,
Stealing underneath the shadows
Of the verdant olive grove ;

With its plenitude of waters
 Ever flowing calm and slow,
Loved by Andalusia's daughters
 Sung by poets long ago.
 Yet, O River
 Guadalquiver,
Loved and lauded so of old,
 When thou leav'st Sevilla's city—
 'Tis a truth, tho' 'tis a pity
That the truth must thus be told—
Spite of many a Boetian distich
Of thy beauties eulogistic,
Devious, dingy, dull and dreary,
Seaward thou dost wander weary,
Worthier prose apologetic
Than such native strains poetic.

Seated half within a bower
 Where the languid evening breeze
Shook out odours in a shower
 From oranges and citron trees,

Sang she from a romancero
How a Moorish chieftain bold
Fought a Spanish caballero
By Sevilla's walls of old.

How they battled for a lady,
Fairest of the maids of Spain—
How the Christian's lance, so steady,
Pierced the Moslem through the brain.

Then she ceased—her black eyes moving,
Flashed, as asked she with a smile,—
' Say, are maids as fair and loving—
Men as faithful, in your isle ?'

' British maids,' I said, ' are ever
Counted fairest of the fair ;
Like the swans on yonder river
Moving with a stately air.

' Wooed not quickly, won not lightly—
But, when won, for ever true ;
Trial draws the bond more tightly,
Time can ne'er the knot undo.

‘ And the men ? ’—‘ Ah ! dearest lady,
Are—quien sabe ? who can say ?
To make love they’re ever ready,
When they can and where they may :
‘ Fixed as waves, as breezes steady
In a changeful April day—
Como brisas, como rios,
No se sabe, sabe Dios.’

‘ Are they faithful ? ’—‘ Ah ! quien sabe ?
Who can answer that they are ?
While we may we should be happy.’—
Then I took up her guitar
[’Twas the very best that made is
By Juan Padez, famed in Cadiz]
And I sang, in sportive strain,
This song to an old air of Spain.

‘ QUIEN SABE ? ’

I.

‘ The breeze of the evening that cools the hot air,
That kisses the orange and shakes out thy hair,

Is its freshness less welcome, less sweet its
perfume

That you know not the region from which it
is come?

Whence the wind blows, where the wind goes,
Hither and thither and whither—who knows?

Who knows?

Hither and thither—but whither—who knows?

II.

‘The river for ever glides singing along,
The rose on the bank bends a-down to its
song;

And the flower, as it listens, unconsciously dips,
Till the rising wave glistens and kisses its lips.
But why the wave rises and kisses the rose,
And why the rose stoops for those kisses—who
knows?

Who knows?

And away flows the river—but whither—who
knows?

III.

‘Let *me* be the breeze, love, that wanders along,
The river that ever rejoices in song;

Be *thou* to my fancy the orange in bloom,
The rose by the river that gives its perfume.
Would the fruit be so golden, so fragrant the
rose,

If no breeze and no wave were to kiss them?
Who knows?

Who knows?

If no breeze and no wave were to kiss them?
Who knows?’

As I sang, the lady listened,
Silent save one gentle sigh ;
When I ceased, a tear-drop glistened
On the dark fringe of her eye.

Then my heart reproved the feeling
Of that false and heartless strain
Which I sang, in words concealing
What my heart would hide in vain.

Up I sprang. What words were uttered
Bootless now to think or tell—
Tongues speak wild when hearts are fluttered
By the mighty master-spell.

Love, avowed with sudden boldness,
 Heard with flushings that reveal,
Spite of woman's studied coldness,
 Thoughts the heart cannot conceal.

Words half-vague and passion-broken,
 Meaningless, yet meaning all
That the lips have left unspoken,
 That we never may recall.

‘Magdaléna, dearest, hear me,’
 Sighed I, as I seized her hand——
‘Hóla ! Señor,’ very near me,
 Cries a voice of stern command.

And a stalwart caballero
 Comes upon me with a stride,
On his head a slouched sombrero,
 A toledo by his side.

From his breast he flung his capa
 With a stately Spanish air—
[On the whole, he looked the chap a
 Man to slight would scarcely dare.]

‘Will your worship have the goodness
To release that lady’s hand.’—
‘Senor,’ I replied, ‘this rudeness
I am not prepared to stand.

‘Magdaléna, say’——the maiden,
With a cry of wild surprise,
As with secret sorrow laden,
Fainting sank before my eyes.

Then the Spanish Caballero
Bowed with haughty courtesy,
Solemn as a tragic hero,
And announced himself to me.

‘Senor, I am Don Camillo
Guzman Miguel Pedrillo
De Ximenes y Ribera
Y Santallos y Herrera
Y de Rivas y Mendoza
Y Quintana y de Rosa
Y Zorilla y’—— ‘No more, Sir,

'Tis as good as twenty score, Sir,'
Said I to him, with a frown :
' Mucha bulla para nada,
No palabras, draw your 'spada ;
If you're up for a duelo
You will find I'm just your fellow—
Senor, I am PETER BROWN !'

By the river's bank that night,
Foot to foot in strife,
Fought we in the dubious light
A fight of death or life.
Don Camillo slashed my shoulder,
With the pain I grew the bolder,
Close and closer still I pressed ;
Fortune favoured me at last,
I broke his guard, my weapon passed
Through the Caballero's breast—
Down to the earth went Don Camillo
Guzman Miguel Pedrillo
De Ximenes y Ribera
Y Santallos y Herrera
Y de Rivas y Mendoza

Y Quintana y de Rosa
Y Zorilla y—— One groan,
And he lay motionless as stone.
The man of many names went down,
Pierced by the sword of PETER BROWN !

Kneeling down, I raised his head ;
The Caballero faintly said,
‘ Signor Inglés, fly from Spain
With all speed, for you have slain
A Spanish noble, Don Camillo
Guzman Miguel Pedrillo
De Ximenes y Ribera
Y Santallos y Herrera
Y de Rivas y Mendoza
Y Quintana y de Rosa
Y Zorilla y’—— He swooned
With the bleeding from his wound.
If he be living still or dead

I never knew, I ne’er shall know ;
That night from Spain in haste I fled,
Years and years ago.

.

Oft when Autumn eve is closing,

Pensive, puffing a cigar,

In my chamber lone reposing,

Musing half and half a-dozing,

Comes a vision from afar

Of that lady of the villa

In her satin, fringed mantilla,

And that haughty Caballero

With his capa and sombrero,

Vainly in my mind revolving

That long, jointed, endless name ;—

'Tis a riddle past my solving

Who he was, or whence he came.

Was he that brother home returned ?

Was he some former lover spurned ?

Or some family *fiancé*

That the lady did not fancy ?

Was he any one of those ?

Sabe Dios. Ah ! God knows.

Sadly smoking my manilla,

Much I long to know

How fares the lady of the villa

That once charmed me so,

When I visited Sevilla

Years and years ago.

Has she married a Hidalgo ?

Gone the way that ladies all go

In those drowsy Spanish cities,

Wasting life—a thousand pities—

Waking up for a fiesta

From an afternoon siesta,

To ' Giralda ' now repairing

Or the Plaza for an airing ;

At the shaded *reja* flirting,

At a bull-fight now disporting ;

Does she walk at evenings ever

Through the gardens by the river ?

Guarded by an old duena

Fierce and sharp as a hyena,

With her goggles and her fan

Warning off each rakish man ?

Is she dead, or is she living ?

Is she for my absence grieving ?

Is she wretched, is she happy ?

Widow, wife, or maid ? *Quien sabe !*



NO. II.

ISABEL CLARE.

I HAVE had some hesitation in sending the following lucubration of Peter's to the press. By reference to the date, I find it was written shortly after his recovery from brain fever. This may account in part for a certain cloudy mysticism in the introductory stanzas, smacking of the beer and tobacco school of German Philosophy, and an occasional fitfulness throughout. Besides, the facts of the story, though the real names are not given, will be recognised by many as having created what they call 'a great sensation' some dozen years ago. I have finally determined to give Peter the benefit of the doubt, and to publish. He is gone, poor fellow, to answer for his metaphysics before a Judge 'who knoweth whereof we are made ;' and most of those whom the narrative might offend are now beyond the reach of this world's praise or censure.

JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

CARRIGBAWN, *October 18, 1861.*

A WAKING DREAM.

Bottom.—‘I have an exposition of sleep come upon me. . . .
I have had a dream, past the wit of man to say what dream it
was. Man is but an ass if he go about to expound this dream.’
—*Midsummer Night’s Dream.*

DREAMING in the twilight,
When the shades creep o’er the hill—
Watching, when the sun is gone,
How the grey, cold night comes on—
Awake, yet dreaming still.

Then I dream of dead ones,
Of my life the joy and light,
And I see them round me rise,
And I feel their cold, calm eyes
Gaze on me through the night.

Dreaming by the fire-light,
When the wintry night is chill—
Watching fire-sparks upward fly,
While the embers sink and die—
Awake, yet dreaming still.

Then I dream of fair souls
From dead ashes issuing bright,
And I see my dead arise,
Soaring heavenward through the skies,
In the death-dark night.

Dreaming in the sunlight,
When the Summer noon is still—
Watching in the deep blue sky
Clouds of white, gold-cinctured lie—
Awake, yet dreaming still.

Then I dream of heaven,
Far beyond those tranquil skies,
And I see, 'mid angels bright,
My dead, in robes of gold and white,
Alive before my eyes.

Dreams, dreams—and what is life but still a
dream?

Waking in death—death waking into life,
When all that to the sleeper's brain did seem
The true and real are but visions rife

Of a sick soul, while what we visions deem
Are gleams of God's own verity—the strife
Waged between light and darkness, good and ill,
Reason and faith, necessity and will.

And I have had my dreams like other men,
My soul a-sleeping, but my sense awake ;
I knew not that I dreamed until again
My senses slept, and then my soul did break
Her chain of spirit-sleep, and soon did ken
Man dreams when waking, and that God doth
take
The things of his own Spirit, and reveal,
In visions of deep sleep, to us the true and real.

Sooth says Avona's bard, 'We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.' There is enough
Of sin and sorrow, misery and strife,
To make life's paradox a problem tough
For wisest moralist. 'Twill need a knife
To cut the knot no fingers may untie,
Too clumsy mine—at least I will not try.

So give me my cigar, and I will puff
My nicotine, and dream I am awake,
And so jog onward still. The smooth and rough,
As Heaven shall send them, patiently I'll
take,
Nor, like a petted child when chid, take huff,
Reject my lollypops, my playthings break—
And, as the vapour rises, I'll rehearse
A waking dream of other days in verse.

The merry bells were all a-ringing,
Ringing, swinging to-and-fro,
Torrents of sweet music flinging
O'er the sunny scene below.
Oh! the music of sweet bells,
With its sinkings and its swells—
Like the waves upon a river,
Rising, falling, flowing ever!
With the spreading radiations
Of each wave-sound's intonations,
Like the ever-widening rings
When some playful urchin flings

A pebble in a tranquil lake
To make its breast in ripples break.
Circling all the ether round,
Trembling spreads each dulcet sound,
Till the fainting tone is caught
Far away in grove or grot,
Where it dies the sweetest death,
Murmuring its latest breath
On the ever-tranquil heart
Of Silence, sitting there apart—
As hushed upon a mother's breast
The wailing infant sobs itself to rest.

Why are they ringing the bells from the
steeple

This sunny-bright autumn day?

Why is the churchyard a-thronging with
people

Drest in their Sabbath array?

The harvest is lying in sheaves on the stubble,
But there is not a hand that will take any
trouble

To make up the shocks or to bring in the grain,
Or harness old Dobbin or Meg to the wain.
The smithy is closed, and the fire is gone out,
The joiner has flung by his hammer and clout,
The cobbler no longer is mending old shoes,
And the soul of the tailor has spurned at his goose,
And all the good people have turned out o' doors,
The men by the dozen, the women by scores,
And are mounting the hill to the old village
church,
Where a band of young maids at the front of the
porch,
With chaplets of flowers, apparelled in white,
Are awaiting the cortege just coming in sight.
There's a shout from the rustics, as four spank-
ing bays
Sweep down through the town with a Long-acre
chaise :
They strain up the hill and they scatter the gravel
With a dash and a splash till they're up on the
level,
They rush through the gate, reach the porch at
a gallop,

And are thrown on their haunches, so sudden
the pull up.

Then out jumps the Squire, and his 'best man'
jumps after,

And are welcomed with cheers and with true-
hearted laughter,

Now chariot, and britzka, and landau ascend,

With cousins by dozens and many a friend ;

And they meet and they greet, and they laugh,
and they chat,

Shake hands with the Squire, wish him joy, and
all that.

A few minutes more, and a family coach

Drawn by four iron-greys makes a stately
approach :

There's rustling and bustling, as the maidens in
white

Are ranged in the front of the porch, left and
right,

Forth trip from the coach the two bridesmaids
so fair,

And, fairest of all, the young Isabel Clare.

There is not an eye but is turned to admire

That lady so gentle that leans on her sire
As she walks up the chancel,—ah, who can
compare

With my beautiful cousin, sweet Isabel Clare!
She walks up the chancel, and now by her side
Sir Arthur is standing to make her his bride.
Then Archdeacon Ambergills, pompous and
prosy,

With surplice so white and with visage so rosy,
Steps forward to meet them, most courteous and
bland,

With a smile on his lips and a book in his hand;
While Howlings, the clerk, stiff and lean as a
poker,

In a rusty black suit and a yellow-white choker,
Stands ready and steady, with voice antiphonial,
To aid in the tying the knot matrimonial;
Behind stand the bridesmaids, a sweet little pair,
But still fairest of all is young Isabel Clare!

Fairest of all—but all too fair
The pallor of that marble brow;

The marble's coldness still is there

But not its polish now

As when, but two short years gone by,

I saw thee 'neath a foreign sky

With blooming cheek and eye so bright,

And spirit gay and footstep light,

More fair than words of mine can tell,

My own dear cousin, Isabel.

Ah me ! it asks not wasting years

To mar the brightness of the brow,

Though Time alone its smoothness sears,

Yet sorrow dims it even now.

The burnished mirror that may bear

The touch of each corroding year

Undimmed its brightest ray,

If, but to view within the sphere

Her blushing face, some maid draw near

And breathe upon the surface clear,

Its brightness fades away.

There, before the altar kneeling,

With Sir Arthur by thy side,

Where the golden sunbeams stealing
Through the rich stained window glide,
Till they settle in a glory
Round that meekly bending head,
As aureoles in sacred story
Brows of saintly maids o'erspread.
Gaze I on thee till the welling
Of great tears is in my eyes,
And I feel my bosom swelling
With the tumult of my sighs.
Gaze I till the scene before me
Fades upon my dizzy sight,
And the waking dream comes o'er me—
Dreaming in the broad daylight—
A vision of departed times,
A vision of far-distant climes.

'Tis a bright Italian morning,
Sunshine all the ether fills,
Streaks of rosy light adorning
Peaks of snow-clad Alpine hills.

At their feet the vine is pendent
Trailing over roof and tree,
And a blue lake lies resplendent
Framed in verdure lovingly.

Theme of many a song and story,
In the sunlight now it smiles,—
'Tis the Lago Maggiore
With its Borromean Isles.

Wood and forest, plain and meadow,
Girdle in those waters bright,
Every hue, and light, and shadow
Deck the scene and charm the sight.

Midway on the waters shining
See a tiny vessel glide,
In the stern a maid's reclining
And a youth sits by her side.

And a third is there who rows them,
With an oar in either hand,
Pausing ever as he shows them
Glories of his native land.

Eye of eagle, heart of lion,
Soul as gentle as the dove's,
Of that princely stock a scion
That of old Milano loves.

Of that race a form gigantic
Stands for aye on yonder hill,
Stretching o'er the scene romantic
Outspread arms in blessing still.

In the Duomo, shrined in splendour,
Great San Carlo's ashes lie—
Great in grace, austere, yet tender,
Greatest in humility.

'Twas the day of great awaking
To the bondsmen of the world ;
Ancient dynasties were shaking ;
Tyrants from their thrones were hurled.

And Italia, crushed and broken
'Neath the Austrian's iron heel,
Heard the cry of Freedom spoken,
Broke her chain and grasped the steel.

From Genoa to sea-born Venice,
From Alps' snow to Etna's fire,
Italia, spite of Austrian menace,
Rises in her holy ire.

All are up—no pause, no falter—
Every man in arms arrayed,
Priests are preaching at the altar
Freedom's holiest, best crusade.

And the painter leaves his easel,
And the poet dreams no more,
And the sculptor flings his chisel
Down upon the studio floor.

Sage and scholar, servant, master,
Serf and noble through the land,
Lo, they're thronging faster, faster
Than the billows on the strand.

And those ancient, classic regions
Vibrate to the martial tread
Of Italia's mustering legions
Carl' Alberto at their head.

This the tale the youth's recounting,
Hot words gushing from his heart,—
Lists the maid, the color mounting
To her brow, her lips apart.

Then he said, 'My widowed mother
Yields at length to set me free,
And I go to join my brother
In the plains of Lombardy.'

Carlo ceased and sighed—I wonder
Sighed he for his mother lone—
There are ties more hard to sunder
Than those wrought of blood and bone.

Then the lady blushed, but fainter
Than the faintest hue of eve;
'Twould defy the brush of painter
To express it, I believe.

And the silence grew oppressive—
Silence neither dared to break—
Ten to one you'll make a mess, if
While your heart is moved, you speak.

But the cousin most discreetly
Intervened, the spell to break—
'Carlo mio, very sweetly
Music sounds upon the lake.

'Sing us, like a worthy fellow,
That canzone that you sing,
Called "La Rosa e l'Anello,"
About the lady and the ring.'

Carlo then the oars uplifting,
Lifted up his voice in song,
While the boat went slowly drifting
At her own sweet will along.

LA ROSA E L'ANELLO.

THE ROSE AND THE RING.

I.

It was a Paladin of old,
And he loved a maiden bright,
Her hair was like the burnished gold,
Her eyes like stars at night.

II.

Twin rubies rich her lips they were,
Her brow the drifted snows,
And on her bosom white she bare
Ever a dark red rose.

III.

On bended knee the Paladin
Takes from the maid the rose,
Going to fight 'gainst Saladin
And all the Paynim foes.

IV.

He gave the maid a golden ring
And kissed it as he gave,
'The rose to thee again I'll bring,
Or bear it to my grave.

V.

'And when to thee the rose I bring,
Again on bended knee
I'll claim once more my golden ring,
And with the ring, claim thee.'

VI.

Where rages still the fiercest fight,
A red rose aye is seen,
High in the helmet of a knight,
The noble Paladin.

VII.

The day is won—the fight is o'er,
They find amid the slain,
A knight with a red rose steeped in gore,
In his helmet cleft in twain.

VIII.

The nuns they chant the midnight prayer
For a dying sister dear,
A gold ring lies on her bosom fair
When they place her in the bier.

.
It was evening when we parted
At the inn hard by the shore,
Carlo mio, noble-hearted,
Never to behold thee more !

Ahime !—the morning glory
Of thy struggle, Italy !
Soon the clouds are gathering o'er thee,
O'er casting all thy sky.

Vain Goito's triumph glorious ;
Soon, o'er lost Novara's plain,
Austrian eagles swoop victorious ;
Night and slavery come again.

Eve was past, no thought of sleeping
Had the cousins as they sate.
The lady said (has she been weeping),
'Cousin, it is growing late.'

And that cousin, stupid fellow,
Meaning nothing, I suppose,
Cried—'Why, bless me, Isabella,
But you've lost your pretty rose !'

What can Archdeacon Ambergills be saying ?
Dear me ! while I've been dreaming they've been
praying.

They've been and done it—Cousin Isabel
Is Lady Greenacre. So far so well.

'Whom God hath joined let no man put asunder,'
So says the Archdeacon. Howling says,
'Amen ;'

And yet, despite ecclesiastic thunder,

The knot has oft been broke, and will again.
Whom God hath joined let no man put
asunder—

Sir Cresswell Cresswell, what can you say, I
wonder

To all the ruptured matrimonial bands,
Priest-knit, you rend with uncanonic hands
In pieces, as if made of ropes of sands ?

Autumn sunlight pours its lustre
On an English sylvan scene,
Where deep woods umbrageous cluster
In a wavy sea of green.

And a stream with tortuous bending,
Rippling, dimpling, winds its way ;
Now through greenest pastures wending,
Now by wild rocks steep and grey.

Here a reach as bright as argent,
There a stretch as dark as night ;
Cliff and tree hang o'er the margent,
Till its course is lost to sight.

Lost a moment—while you ponder
Where the water exit finds ;
Lo ! behind that green hill yonder
Out it breaks and backward winds.

Upward from the river swelling,
Stretches out a broad demesne ;
In the midst a lordly dwelling,
Marked with many a weather-stain.

Walls embattled, grey and hoary,
Turret round, and castle square,
Not without historic glory,
For a king was cradled there.

Modern skill had joined more lately
To the ancient pile two wings ;
So a matron aged and stately
To her graceful daughters clings.

And the sunny radiance glinting,
On the painted window plays ;
Sash and sill and mullion tinting
With its soft prismatic rays.

Trim and green along the basement
Spreads an esplanade of grass,
So that from the opening casement
Out upon the lawn you pass.

There's a throng of hind and vassal
On that sunny lawn to-day ;
There's a sound of mirth and wassail,
Voice of lads and lasses gay.

And the juicy joint is steaming,
White with ale the tankards foam ;
Every eye with joy is beaming,
For his bride the Squire brings home.

At the portal now descending,
From that same Long-acre chaise
Step the pair, 'mid voices blending,
Old in blessings, young in praise.

In the hall there's jubilation,
Guests sit round the plenteous board ;
Words of kind felicitation
From each friendly lip are poured.

'Twas a feast of lordly splendour—
Ambergills declared in fine
He ne'er tasted haunch more tender,
Never drank of choicer wine.

Now the western sun is beaming
Through the windows, warm and bright,
Over glass and silver streaming,
Till they sparkle in the light.

Close to where the bride is sitting
There's a casement opened wide,
Fresh and odorous air admitting
From that sunny lawn outside.

And the sound of happy voices
Faintly comes upon the ear,
Telling that each heart rejoices
In the good old English cheer.

Up rose a man of rank and station,
Nearest kinsman of the host,
And said—to prelude his oration—
‘Fill your glasses for a toast.’

Then the kinsman, in neat phrases,
Makes a speech with courtly smile,
And ‘the happy pair’ he praises
In the after-dinner style.

Till his peroration closing,
With applause on every side,
Glass in hand, the health proposing
Of Sir Arthur and his bride.

Cheer the cousins then by dozens,
Swelling with Greenacre pride ;
To the ceiling rises pealing—
‘Health to Sir Arthur and his bride.’

Rises to the friendly calling
Young Sir Arthur—mute are all,
You could hear a feather falling
Through that vast ancestral hall.

Hark ! a strain of music stealing,
Thro' the open window floats,
And a voice of tenderest feeling
Chanting to the organ notes,

Sings, in accents wild and thrilling,
Words whose import makes me start,
And drives back the hot blood chilling
Icily upon my heart.

*' Ah ! sfiorita e la rosa
Che sul mio cor riposa.
Promessa tua, sposa, sposa,
Non te ne scordaresti mai.'*

A wild, sharp cry of grief and terror
Rings along that chamber wide ;
Every tongue is mute with horror,
Every eye seeks out the bride.

As the marble pale and frigid,
Lips apart, and eyes aglare,
Sits she stupefied and rigid,
Like a statue of despair.

Anxious women round her gather,
Lavishing their tenderest care,
And that loving, white-haired father
Kneels beside his daughter's chair.

And her husband. Ah ! what feelings
Rend and shake his soul by turns ?
Closed, cold lips make no revealings
Of the fire within that burns.

Vain all efforts to restore her—
Bear her gently hence : the spell
Of those strange words shall hang o'er her
Evermore, sweet Isabel !

Mute and dark that hall so festal
In the deep'ning shades of night,
Till the moon, in radiance vestal,
Lights it with a ghostly light.

Flask and flagon dimly shimmer,
Flowers their odours vainly shed ;
Glass, and gold, and silver glimmer,
Like a banquet for the dead.

And through that long night of sorrow
There be watchers bowed in grief,
Waiting prayerful for the morrow
That shall bring them no relief.

Toll—toll—toll !
Slowly peals the passing bell,
With long pause between each knell.

Toll—toll—toll !
Now passeth a human soul
From its tenement of clay,
From the night into the day
Passing away.
As the sound floats through the air
Bow the knee, the forehead bare,
Utter low the solemn prayer—

Kyrie eleison.

Christe eleison.

Kyrie eleison.

Toll—toll—toll !
All through that dreary night.
Toll—toll—toll !
Till the first cold gleam of light.

But when the night passed into day,
Then ceased the passing bell :
And we knew that from earth had passed away
The soul of Isabel.

I've smoked at least two boxes of cheroots
At various seasons, seeking to make out
That riddle, but my smoking bore no fruit
Save smoke and ashes, and I find my doubt
Will not be cleared by clouds—alas ! it boots
But little now, since those who cared about
The mystery have passed away from here
Into that place where mysteries are clear.

What hidden meaning had the minstrel's words,
And who was he that sang them? Did the grave
Give back the dead one, slain by Austrian swords?
Or was the tale untrue? Did fortune save
His life for sorrow such as Fate accords
But once in man's existence? Did he brave
Chains, dungeons, death, to stake upon one cast
More than his life—to throw and lose at last?

Was there some plighted vow between the two,
A marriage of God's making, not of man's—
A knot of love that laws can ne'er undo,
Potent, howe'er the priest forbid the bans—
That gave him right to claim, as lover true,
His spouse, although her form another spans
With arms of church and law-permitting love ?
Alas ! none know, save they and God above.

No traces of the minstrel could be found,
Except that Farmer Dibble's daughter said
She saw that evening, seated on the ground,
A strange, outlandish man ; and on his head
He wore a steeple hat, with ribbons bound,
And a black velvet jacket trimmed with braid ;
And by his side she saw, upon the grass,
A box of polished wood, inlaid with brass.

And when he saw the little girl he sprung
Upon his feet in haste, and like a sack
The heavy box upon his back he swung ;
Then striking quick into a forest track,
He soon was lost to sight the woods among,
And never more was seen. The girl came back

And told her father ; and I heard the tale
One evening from him o'er a pot of ale.

And Farmer Dibble said that he'd be dang'd,
If he'd a ketched that Frencher with his box,
He'd send un to th' assizes to be hanged,
Or lay un by the heels in parish stocks.
And then, with free-born British fist, he banged
The ale-house table with emphatic knocks,
And swore he'd do it, so he would, by George !
A statement lauded by his friends at large.

Sir Arthur left the country—let The Chase—
And lives in Paris, where I saw him lately ;
Grown rather fat and ruddy in the face,
(He'd lost that English air so grand and
stately.)

I rather think he lives at a fast pace,
Gambles and drinks. In fine, he's altered
greatly
From what he was when first I knew him well,
Ere his wife died. I have no more to tell.



NO. III.

WIN AND WEAR.

HERE is the third draw from the Black Box :—

I remember my friend, Peter, used to talk of one of his innumerable cousins of the interminable family of Brown, a wild fellow, full of talent and adventure, who, accordingly, did no good in this world at all events—a rolling stone that gathered no moss. After wandering over half the world, he settled finally in Leghorn, where he married the daughter of a Russian merchant.

It happened on one occasion when Peter returned from a tour in Germany, some fifteen years ago, he told me of a relative that he discovered there, who was married to a German lady, and lived in a German castle, quite like a little prince. Putting all these together, I strongly suspect that the hero of the following tale was no other than the son of his cousin of Leghorn, who had, I suppose, on his domestication in Italy, taken the name of Brunello. As to the O'Higginses, I know nothing about them, but I have no doubt that the Browns were related to them, and to every other family with a prefix, affix, or suffix to their

name, since the creation of the world, including the prophet O'Badiah and General Judas MacCabeus. I cannot find the name of the Irish patrimony of Brunello either in 'Lewis's Topographical Dictionary,' or 'O'Flaherty's Ogygia'—more shame for them. The tale I give as I found it in the Black Box, premising only that while the German manners, as described, are those of a quarter of a century ago, there are evident marks of more recent retouching in the verses.

JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

CARRIGBAWN, *December 28, 1861.*

I.

THE COSMOPOLITE.

Alexis O'Higgins Brunello,

Is the name of the hero I sing,
A slashing and dashing young fellow
As any you'd meet in the king-

dom of England, or France—ay, or Ireland—

And that's a bold statement I know,
Yet I dare you to search the entire land,
And show me his match, high or low.

The Russian he chopped like the Slavi,
The German he'd grunt like a boar ;
He could 'Parley vous' French à vous ravir,
Talk Spanish just like a Señor.

Italian he lisped like a Roman,
His English the purest in vogue,
With a something quite soft, and yet no man
Could venture to call it a brogue.

And once I surprised him love-making,
At Spa, to a County Cork lass,
In accents so tender and taking,
Whispering sweet in her ear, 'Colleen dhas !'

And I thought to myself, 'Friend Brunello,
That soft sawder, and blarney, and smile
That bother the girls, my good fellow,
Were learned in the Emerald Isle.'

Alexis O'Higgins Brunello
Was the pink of an exquisite beau :
As he passed, women sighed, 'Come bello !'—
Men owned he was quite 'comme il faut.'

He could fight, he could drink, he could revel,
Dance, sing, and make love 'à la mode ;'
With men he was fierce as a devil,
Women did with him—just as they would.

Wherever he went he was courted,
As Milor, or Señor, or Hertzog ;
And I heard him once gravely reported
A prince that was travelling *incog*.

From city to city Brunello
Could be traced by his deeds, as a chart ;
By men's broken bones in duello,
And many a maid's broken heart.

Whence he came 'twould have puzzled a Rabbi
To tell—somehow nobody knew.
' Non so '—' Ich kenn nicht '—' No se sabe,'
' He's Faust, or the Wandering Jew.'

And so in his wanderings one autumn,
When the season was on the decline,
The course of his destiny brought him
To stop by the banks of the Rhine.

II.

THE BARON.

The Baron Rudolf Von Hockswiller
Was a noble both brave and renowned,
Of boars a redoubtable killer,
Which he hunted with horse and with hound.

He lived midst a forest most gloomy,
Not far from the waters of Rhine,
In a castle, less pleasant than roomy,
'Twas called, I believe, Schwarzenstein.

The Baron had revenues ample,
God knows how many thalers a-year—
So rich, he might vie, for example,
With an esquire of Somersetshire.

He had highlands, and lowlands, and woodlands,
Well furnished with game of all kinds,
Some bad lands, some worse lands, some good
lands,
Which were tilled by his vassals and hinds.

The Baron loved beer with devotion,
More devotedly still he loved wine,
Yet of water he'd drink a whole ocean—
Kirscherwasser—not water of Rhine.

But dearer than drink or boar-slaughter
He loved with the tenderest care
The beautiful Fräulein, his daughter,
Who was called Kunigunda the Fair.

He loved her beyond all conception,
More than castle, or forest, or pelf,
Man or woman, with just one exception,
And that was—Hockswiller himself.

In a word, to prevent all confusion
As to what I have stated above,
I'll show, by a classic allusion,
The strength and degrees of his love.

'*Hic, hæc, hoc,*' absorbed all his affection.
First *hic*; *hæc*, the next; *hoc*, in fine:
Which you'll see, on a moment's reflection,
Mean himself, and his child, and his wine.

The Baron had many retainers,
Stout henchmen at feasting and fun,
All efficient as good flagon-drainers,
Trenchant trencher-men every one.

They were valiant—in brawls over liquor ;
Quick to charge—when the enemy fled ;
In retreat they were even still quicker,
And ne'er to their foes gave the lead.

The Baron had kinsfolk full twenty,
Who stuck to him closer than wax,
While Schweinsfleisch and Rheinwein were plenty,
Shot his forests and hunted his hacks.

And so, like a family party,
From the first to the last of the year,
They feasted right joyous and hearty
On the best of Hockswiller's good cheer.

And the Baron, when following the chase or
Presiding o'er revel or mirth,
Did not envy Grossherzog or Kaiser,
Or mightiest monarch on earth.

III.

THE FRÄULEIN.

The fair Kunigunda Hockswiller
Was a marvel of learning and art,
Knew Göthe, and Wieland, and Schiller,
And Klopstock, and Gesner by heart.

All the songs of the old Minnesingers
That ever were written or sung
She had prompt on the ends of her fingers
And pat on the tip of her tongue.

Of Schenkendorf, Rückert, and Körner,
And the bards of the famed 'Sturm und Drang,'
And of Lessing, and Herder, and Werner,
She could quote every verse and 'gesang.'

In *belles-lettres* she studied von Schlegel ;
In philosophy, Kant was her guide ;
Metaphysics she learned from Hegel,
And dipped into Fichte beside.

And there was not a matron or maiden
Surpassed her in musical art ;
At sight she played Handel and Haydn,
Beethoven, and Bach, and Mozart.

Her voice was mellifluous, very—
You'd fancy, whenever she sang,
You heard a lark warble, so merry
And trilling her notes as they rang.

Her eyes would remind you of heaven,
Their orbits so blue and serene,
And mild as the starlight at even
Their glance through the lashes were seen.

Like the hue of the leaves on the beeches,
When Autumn is crisping them brown,
Was the flow of her hair ; and like peaches
Her cheeks in their richness and down.

Her forehead was broad, but not very,
Her nose, rather massive than thin,
Her lips full and ripe as a cherry,
And oh ! such a love of a chin !

With one charm far beyond every other
Most charming, the maiden was blest—
The money and lands of her mother
The fair Kunigunda possessed.

And suitors in multitudes sought her
From every region and part,
They sighed, and they knelt, but none caught her,
Or touched Kunigunda's young heart.

One was learned and wise, but he squinted ;
One was handsome and brave, but a boor ;
One was quite to her taste—till he hinted
He wanted her lands to secure.

And the kinsmen they sighed too, poor fellows,
But they dared not approach her to kneel,
So they guarded her, loyal and jealous,
And swore to be true as the steel.

So the blue-stockinged, blue-eyed young lady
Kept safely within her command,
Till 'the hour and the man' should be ready,
Her hand, and her heart, and her land.

IV

THE BOAR HUNT.

The morning is gloriously breaking
With chanting of many a bird,—
The Baron, from slumber awaking,
Is risen, and booted, and spurred.

And after a breakfast most hearty
Of meat and strong waters beside,
Hockswiller and each of his party
The backs of their hunters bestride.

The jägers with pistols and rifles,
The stout knaves with boar-spears on foot,
With daggers, and knives, and such trifles,
The wild boar to stab or to shoot.

Away to the forest they're taking
Their course thro' a wide verdant plain,
The horn of the huntsman awaking
The echoes again and again.

And now at the forest arriving
The jägers are posted around,
The hounds through the thickets are driving
With noses laid close to the ground.

Hark ! hark ! there's a crashing of branches,
The staunch hounds are now giving tongue,
And the boar, with the pack at his haunches,
Breaks cover and rushes along.

Then joyously shouts every hunter,
With a view-hollo rending the sky,
As away goes the grisly old grunter,
And the dogs at his heels in full cry.

And the rifle of many a jäger
Discharges its bullet in vain,
The huntsmen, excited and eager,
Give their horses the spur and the rein.

Hál-lo ! juch-heisasa ! hál-lo !
They sweep over hill and thro' vale,
O'er greensward, and stubble, and fallow,
Through jungle, and dingle, and dale.

At last there's the crack of a rifle,
The ball strikes the brute in the breast ;
And the Baron roars out—'Ach, der Teufel !
That's a jägerlich shot, I protest.'

Up canters the Baron,—the laggards
Come after, their steeds out of breath,
And lustily lug out their daggers,
Prepared to be in at the death.

To their wonder, they see a strange hunter
Quite leisurely taking his stand,
Astride o'er the dying old grunter,
With a *couteau de chasse* in his hand.

And as soon as the Baron approaches,
The stranger, with true hunter-craft,
While his hat he most courteously touches,
Presents to Hockswiller the haft.

'Pray who may you be, my fine fellow ?'
Hockswiller politely demands.
'Alexis O'Higgins Brunello,
Herr Baron, and at your commands.'

'I take,' says the Baron, 'Herr Jäger,
With thanks, sir, your *couteau de chasse*,'—
Then he slit the boar's throat with the dagger,
And gave him a sure *coup de grace*!

Next, he asks, like a jolly old Baron,
Brunello to come home and dine ;
The boar is transported a car on,
And they all jog to Schloss Schwarzenstein.

V.

THE REVEL.

Where'er I may look for my breakfast,
Or supper, or lunch, be it mine
(To this faith till my death I will stick fast,)
In Germany always to dine.

You've good eating, substantial and various,
Good drinking in kind and degree,
Good company, frank and hilarious,
Good singing, both solo and glee.

Only don't go too fast at the smoking ;
Drink sparingly, too, of their beer ;
Be prudent in banter and joking,
For they'll quarrel when filled with good cheer.

There's a hall that's both lofty and spacious—
The pride of the Schloss Schwarzenstein,
With fire-place and chimney capacious,
And a table of oak where they dine.

The roof-beams and panels are oaken ;
All around hang the antlers of deer,
Boars' heads, and each trophy and token
Of the chase, and the rifle, and spear.

Now seated around the oak table
Are the kinsmen, the guest, and the host ;
All ready, and willing, and able
To fall on the boiled and the roast.

At the head sits the Baron most stately,
Raised high in his carved oaken chair ;
On his right, for he loved his child greatly,
Is placed Kunigunda the Fair.

On the left, as the guest, sits Brunello,
And he chats with the lady so gay,
That she thinks him the charmingest fellow
She has met with for many a day.

Ach Gott ! with what ardour they fall foul
Of Baron Hockswiller's good fare :
Of *all* fish, and *all* flesh, and *all* fowl,
In water, in earth, and in air.

Der Teufel ! such eating and quaffing !
Such clattering of knives and of forks,
Hobnobbing, and chaffing, and laughing ;
And oh ! such a drawing of corks !

German beer—but no Guinness or Bass, or
Your trash of East India pale ale ;
Prime brandtwein and strong kirscherwasser,
In flagon and flask without fail.

And wines of all vineyards—Hockheimer,
Asmanhauser, and sparkling Moselle ;
Brauneberger, Erlach, Rudesheimer,
And others whose names I can't tell.

The courses are finished—the lady
Is risen to retire,—quick as light
The hand of Brunello is ready
To open the door most polite.

And just as the maiden advances,
He tenderly gazes and sighs ;
Till, confused by the power of his glances,
She blushes and casts down her eyes.

And Brunello, perhaps, had pursued her,
And managed a sly *tête-a-tête* ;
But the Baron cries, ‘ Lustiger Bruder,
Come back, for all skulkers I hate.’

Then, following the lead of the master,
They drink, and they laugh, and they joke ;
Each meerschaum is filled with kanaster,
Each mouth puffs a volume of smoke.

Now the Baron calls out—‘ Füllt den Becher
Bis zum Rand. To the brim fill your glass
With wine of the Rhine or the Neckar,
And pledge me the toast that I pass !

‘Let love have its raptures for others,
The pleasures of friendship be mine,
The chase and the chalice, my brothers—
Die Freundschaft, die Jagd, und der Wein!’

The toast was received with a thunder
Of plaudits that rolled through the hall,—
‘Huzza ! Juch ! Juchei !’ ’twas a wonder
The rafters and roof didn’t fall.

When the thunder was past, cries Hockswiller,
‘Max Klangermann, give us a song.’—
‘Ja, von ganzem mein Herzen, Ich will, Herr,’
Says Max, and sings out clear and strong:—

TRINKLIED.

‘Brüder das ist deutscher Wein !
Darum ist er klar und stille,
Darum hat er Kraft und Fülle,
Darum Schenkt ihn fröhlich ein,
Brüder das ist deutscher Wein !

‘ Brothers, this is German wine,
So ’tis mellow, clear, and bright ;
Strong of body, full and fine,
And it flows out free and light.
Brüder das ist deutscher Wein !

‘ Ancient customs love we still ;
Honour to the hands divine
That on native German hill
Planted first the foreign vine !
Brüder das ist deutscher Wein !

‘ Fill the goblet high to those
Who tilled our heights with free-born hands,
Who from those heights defied their foes,
Free, in their free fatherland !
Füllt den Becher bis zum Rand !

‘ Olden times are new again—
Glaives we’ve wielded manfully,
We have burst the tyrant’s chain—
Dutchland still is Dutch and free !
Deutsche bleiben deutsch und frei !

‘German ways and German wine,
From the cottage to the throne ;
German tongue and German Rhine,
Fatherland is all our own !
Von dem Hütte bis zur Throne !’

Glasses clink, and cheers sonorous
Shake the walls of Schwarzenstein,
Every voice is loud in chorus—
‘Brüder, das ist deutscher Wein !’

Then a jäger of the party,
Lifting up his manly voice,
Breaks into a song so hearty
That ’twould make the dead rejoice.

..
JÄGERLIED.

‘Tra lira la ! Tra lira la !
Brays out the cheery horn ;
In ringing notes
The music floats
On the ear of drowsy morn.

On the greensward steeds are neighing,
In the leash the hounds are baying,
And the jäger bold and gay
Mounts his horse to ride away.

Tra lira la ! Tra lira la !

Hallo ! hallo ! Juchheisa sa !

‘ Tra lira la ! Tra lira la !

The merry men are up !

From saddle-bow

Each man bends low

To the maid that hands the cup.
He takes the cup from the maiden laughing,
And steals a kiss before the quaffing ;
And so the jäger bold and gay
Spurs his horse and rides away.

Tra lira la ! Tra lira la !

Hallo ! hallo ! Juchheisa sa !

‘ Tra lira la ! Tra lira la !

A merry life is ours

In wood and wold,

In heat and cold,

In sunshine and in showers.

Fearless every peril braving,
Where the flood or storm is raving,
There the jäger bold and gay
Hunts his game the live-long day.
Tra lira la ! Tra lira la !
Hallo ! hallo ! Juchheisa sa !

‘ Tra lira la ! Tra lira la !
We love fair nature’s face ;
The mountain breeze,
The forest trees,
The wild and headlong chase.
We love to hear the sweet birds singing,
We love to hear the bugle ringing ;
And thus the jäger bold and gay
Spends a merry life away,
Tra lira la ! Tra lira la !
Hallo ! hallo ! Juchheisa sa !’

Then follow Liebeslieder, Bundslieder,
Volkslieder, and songs of Tabak ;
To name them would weary the reader,
And space to recite them I lack.

Now the bottles go round fast and furious,
The drinking is growing profound,
Strong waters are proving injurious
To the brains of the kinsmen around.

And the speech of the host becomes thicker,
A muddiness steals o'er his eye ;
And, vanquished by smoking and liquor,
He falls fast asleep with a sigh.

And now, while the Baron is snoring,
Reclined in his carved oaken chair,
Brunello the Schloss is exploring
To find Kunigunda the fair.

IV.

THE TETE-A-TETE.

In the Schloss Schwarzenstein there's a tower
That flanks the west side of the square,
With windows due south ; 'tis the bower
Where sits Kunigunda the Fair.

The roses and vines from the basement,
Like lovers, climb up the wall's height,
And stealthily peep through the casement
At beauty more rich and more bright.

And there, in the sheen of the star-light,
That gleams through the chamber within,
She sighs, as she looks on each far light,
'Ach, Himmel! wie einsam ich bin!'

As if in response to the feeling
That stirred the maid's bosom within,
A tap came, so gently appealing,
To the door, that she answered, 'Come in.'

Next moment, within her apartment,
Revealed in the tender star-light,
Stands the man whom the throb of her heart
meant
To tell her she loves at first sight.

'Pray pardon,' he said, 'this intrusion :—
If my presence offends I will go :—
May I stay?'—Somehow, in her confusion,
The lady forgot to say 'No.'

Then in accents so soft and respectful,
He contrives on some theme to commence
That she loves,—all the while not neglectful
To praise both her wit and her sense.

He discourses of arts and of science,
Of physics and ethics likewise,
And throws out strange views, in defiance,
To draw out the maiden's replies.

By arguments learned, tho' archaic,
And reasoning very profound,
He maintains, on the plan Ptolomaic,
'Tis the sun, not the earth, that moves round.

He proves it from Scripture and reason,
From Moses, and Joshua, and Job,
From changes of light and of season,
From the measure and weight of the globe.

Then the lady asserts with great learning,
That Köpernik's system is right ;
Till, the force of her reasons discerning,
He admits she has vanquished him quite.

‘Fix’d fate and free will and foreknowledge,’
They discourse of, and still ‘find no end ;’
Lost in mazes : like fellows of college,
Metaphysics with logics they blend.

They indulge in some deep speculation,
On clairvoyance, extasis, trance,
Thought-reading and ‘Od’ emanation,
Reichenbach and Alexis of France.

They discuss magic crystals and glasses,
The fluid mesmeric beside ;
And, in fine, a few magnetic passes,
As a test of the doctrine, are tried.

And then, by an easy transition,
As romance, verse, and fiction are passed,
Absorbed in a transport Elysian,
They fall upon music at last.

Then the maid with the skill of a master,
Shakes sound from the ivory notes,
And her fair hands move faster and faster,
As round her the melody floats.

She goes to the casement,—together
They stand and look out on the skies ;
How long I can't tell you, for neither
Takes count of old Time as he flies.

And the stars as they burn in their splendor,
Fill each soul with a speechless delight,
Till a feeling delicious and tender,
Steals over those watchers of night.

A lute on the table is lying,
The youth takes it up, and the strings
Awake to his touch, like the sighing
Of zephyrs, as sweetly he sings.

SONG.

‘IN DER STILLEN NACHT.’

Still ist die Nacht,
In sanfter Pracht
Entglimmt das Heer der Sterne ;
Ich steh' allein
Im tiefsten Hain
Vor euch, ihr lieben Sterne !
In der stillen Nacht.

Still is the night,
With gentle light
The starry host is shining :
Lone in the grove,
Loved stars above !
Ye look upon me pining.
In der stillen Nacht.

Ah ! for one heart,
To take a part
In all my pain and pleasure ;
And still be near
In darkness here,
And be my own heart's treasure.
In der stillen Nacht.

In vain, in vain,
Do I complain ;
The echo mocks my mourning :
No voice I hear,
My heart to cheer,
No song my song returning.
In der stillen Nacht.

The music has ceased, but the thrilling
Of the lute-notes still trouble the air ;
Love so troubles with tremulous feeling
Thy heart, Kunigunda the Fair.

He sighs, as the lute he replaces,
And tenderly looks in her eyes ;
A tear-star in each orb he traces,
Like the stars in the soft azure skies.

What they say, what they do, I can't tell—O,
Love has language and acts of his own—
But I know that ere long young Brunello
Sits beside Kunigunda alone.

And there while the star-light from heaven
Is pouring pale light on their brows,
His vows to the maiden are given,
And he wins from the maiden her vows.

Next his birth and his lineage the lover
Reveals—and they are not amiss ;
Then—lest lips should the secret discover—
He seals hers quite close with a kiss.

But the maid when she hears that revealing,
A sorrow comes over her heart—
A sorrow that's fraught with the feeling,
That she and her lover must part.

But what is that secret, you wonder :
I cannot disclose it, I vow ;
For, like Kunigunda, I'm under
A pledge not to tell it just now.

Well, they canvassed it over and over,
They viewed it from far and from near,
Till at last a bright thought struck the lover,
And he whispered it soft in her ear.

When she heard it she blushed and looked
frightened,
And turned her face coyly away ;
Then she mused—till at length her eyes
brightened,
And she had not the heart to say nay.

Now the Baron's bluff voice is heard, bawling—
‘Ach ! Bruder, come back to your wine ;’
So he kisses the hand of the Fräulein,
And sighs ‘Gute Nacht, Liebchen mein.’

VII.

THE SERENADE.

An hour before morning is breaking,
Soft music is heard on the air,
Beneath the west tower, awaking
From sleep Kunigunda the Fair.

To the window she steals to discover
The minstrel who breaks her repose,
And the form and the voice of her lover,
As he sings in the dim light, she knows.

Near a linden tree over against her
He stands and he gazes above ;
‘Komm fein Liebchen, O ! komm du an's
Fenster.’
’Tis thus that he sings to his love.

‘KOMM LIEBCHEN AN’S FENSTER.’

Oh ! come to the window, my dearest,
For silent and dark is the night ;
No voice, save thy lover’s, thou hearest,
No tread, save his footfall so light ;
The birds are all dumb,
And there is not a hum,
Komm Liebchen an’s Fenster, komm fein
Liebchen, komm.

There’s none that go out after nightfall
But lovers and robbers and sprites:—
Ah ! open your eyes, let their light fall
On him whom their lustre delights,
And I swear by that light
I ’m thief, lover, and sprite,
For I ’ll steal, love, and haunt you, by day and
by night.

The stars in the heavens are hidden,
Young Luna is wrapt in her shroud,
The planets to stroll are forbidden,
And Venus is under a cloud.

But come out and shine
With those bright eyes of thine,
And they'll soon turn night into day, Liebchen
mein.

Mein Liebchen, then open thy casement,
The heart of thy lover rejoice ;
I'm standing here close to the basement,
To woo thee with string and with voice,
Though my fingers are numb,
And I hardly can thrum
My guitar, while I sing to thee, 'Komm
Liebchen, komm.'

But the frost that my fingers is numbing,
And creeping along up my arm,
Is turned into fire, as 'tis coming
Near my heart with love throbbing and warm ;
For a spirit like mine
Is like spirit of wine,
'Twill blaze in the light of thy love, Liebchen
mein.

The song of the minstrel is over ;—
But whether the maid sought repose,
Or came at the call of her lover,
My verse shall hereafter disclose.

VIII.

‘STOLE AWAY.’

How fresh is the dawn of the morning
When silvery mists roll away ;
When dew-pearls the lawn are adorning,
In bright expectation of day.

When the trees, as the light breezes toss 'em,
Shake out from their green leafy hair
The odours of fruit and of blossom,
With fragrancy filling the air.

When the throstle pipes out from the cover,
And the lark soars aloft with a song,
And the bee, like a gallant young rover,
Hums from flower to flower along.

But the charms of the morning are courting
The Baron Hockswiller in vain ;
For yesterday's drinking and sporting
Have wearied his bones and his brain.

He feels on the whole rather crazy,
And so, when 'tis time to arise,
He turns on his side like a lazy
Old baron, and closes his eyes.

But he scarcely had fallen a-dozing,
When a clamour, quite close to his door,
Breaks rudely upon his reposing,
And makes him spring out on the floor.

And the Kammerfrau rushes in, shrieking,
And wringing her hands in despair,
While she cries, as the sobs choke her speaking,—
'Ach Gott! Kunigunda the Fair!'

'Potztausend! child, what is the matter?'
Roars the Baron, and stamps on the ground:—
The maid cries, and all her teeth chatter,
'My lady is not to be found!'

‘ We have ransacked the castle all over,
Searched the moat and the court-yard around;
But no tidings as yet can discover—
My lady is not to be found !

‘ But I found this sealed note on her table ’—
The Baron tore open the scroll,
And read, though he scarcely was able,
‘ Mein Vater geliebt, lebe wohl !’

Then the Baron broke into a passion,
And thundered out many an oath,
And swore in a horrible fashion—
To repeat all he said I am loth.

‘ Tausend Teufel und Kreuzdonnerwetter !
Ach, liebe Herr Gott ! but I swear,
Wherever she’s gone, I will get her,
If she’s hid in the earth, sea, or air.

‘ Ho ! Adolph, and Gottfried, and Johann,
And Heinrich, and Ludwig, and all :
Ach, Himmel und Erde ! will no one,
Ye varlets, attend when I call ?’

The servants, affrighted and eager,
Rush in at the summons in haste ;
And henchmen, and kinsmen, and jäger
Follow close at the heels of the rest.

‘ To horse, with all speed,’ cries Hockswiller,
‘ And saddle my gray Blitzenbein ;
I’ll hunt down the truant—I will, or
I’ll never break bread or drink wine !’

Then out speaks Hans Stallknecht—‘ Good
master,
The gray steed is gone from the stall’—
Says Fritz, ‘ There’s another disaster,
Your guest can’t be found, Sir, at all.’

So after much puzzling and potter,
The Baron did sagely declare,
That his guest and his steed and his daughter,
Had gone off together—somewhere.

IX.

ON THE TRAIL.

The horsemen are mounted and ready ;
The Baron's command they await ;
And, placing himself at their head, he
Gives the word, and they dash through the
gate.

A jäger lets slip from the leashes
A deep-chested, shaggy sleuth-hound,—
With a bay to the greensward he dashes,
And takes up the scent on the ground.

Away, far away from the highways,
Through forest and greenwood they ride ;
Through valleys, and alleys, and bye-ways,
'Cross the river, and round the hill-side.

They gallop through hamlet and village,
They sweep on for many a mile,
Through moor, and through mead, and through
tillage,
The hound leading on all the while.

The sun is now high in the heaven,
But none draws the rein on his steed ;
Be their course over rough ways or even,
They press on with desperate speed.

By Osterspey,—through Kamperhausen,
By Liebenstein also they passed ;
By Wilmech—the Thurnberg der Mausen,
And reach ‘ The Cat’s Elbow ’ at last.

As the sun to the westward is verging,
And glows on the hills of the vine,
From the maze of the forest emerging
They see the great waters of Rhine.

But those waters are placid no longer,
Or smooth as a lake in its sleep ;
But faster, and wilder, and stronger,
They speed along tortuous and deep.

And chafing, and fuming, and dashing,
They rush ’gainst the high beetling rocks,
That sullenly fling them back, smashing
The waves into spray with the shocks.

And sheer, from the edge of the river,
A cliff rises naked and black ;
Weird voices breathe round it for ever,
To lure fated barks from their track.

There the beautiful witch of the Lurlei,
With spell of her sweet voice beguiles ;
Ah, woe to the seaman ! for surely
Who hears her escapes not her wiles.

He listens, and lingers in wonder ;
His bark drifts unheeded along,
Till the Gewirr at last sucks him under
The waves, as he hangs on the song.

But the Baron Hockswiller, I reckon,
Of syren or spell takes small heed,
Riding furiously still, with no check on
The rein of his galloping steed.

And, now, as the Lurleiberg nearing,
A voice from its summit is borne,
That makes his ears tingle at hearing,
' Alles ist auf immer verloren !'

The words come so sad and so thrilling,
Like wailings of spirits that mourn,
And echo repeats them, still pealing,
Verloren ! Verloren !! Verloren !!!

Now the Baron pulls up in amazement,
So sharp that his steed feels a shock,
And, led by the sound, up his gaze went
To the top of the Lurleiberg rock,

And there, where the cliff topples sheerly,
Right over the flood, he descries
Two motionless forms, sharp and clearly
Thrown out by the bright evening skies.

In terror each jäger and ritter,
Makes the sign of the cross on his face,
And cries, ' 'Tis the witch !' in a twitter,—
' Erbarme dich unser, Herr Jes !'

But the Baron Hockswiller knows better,
And swears out both loudly and fast :—
' Blitz, Donner, Hagel, und Wetter !
Tausend Teufel ! They're *so-ho'd* at last.'

And the Lurleiberg echo, in mocking,
 Quintuples the curses again ;
Five thousand of devils invoking,
 From rock, and from river, and glen.¹

‘Ihr Kälber ! Ye calves ! ’tis that fellow,’
 The Baron impatiently roared,
‘Alexis O’Higgins Brunello,
 That we feasted last night at our board.

‘And that other, I swear, is my daughter,—
 Ach Gott ! how she clings to his neck ;—
Potztausend ! as soon as I’ve caught her,
 I’ll keep my young lady in check.

‘But where is my horse ?’ While he’s speaking,
 He hears a most pitiful neigh,
Where tied to a tree, hot and reeking
 With sweat, stands his favourite gray.

¹ I must bear testimony to the modesty of Peter’s statement of this marvellous echo of the Lurlei. I have met travellers who alleged that, many years ago, they heard sounds repeated seven times distinctly. For myself, I confess, I have never been able to catch more than five reverberations. But the rock is growing old and, I suppose, hard-of-hearing.

J. F. S.

‘Ho ! Räuber verflucht ! now surrender
My child, or you die by the knife ;’
Brunello replies, ‘ I ’ll defend her,
And keep her in death and in life.’

Hockswiller cries out, ‘ Scale the Lurlei,
Hans, Ludwig, and Heinrich, with speed :
Arrest them and bind them securely ;—
They shall ride back again on the steed.’

Then out speaks Brunello, unslinging
A rifle that hung at his back ;
Quite plainly they heard the steel ringing,
As he drew back the cock with a clack.

‘ The man that sets foot on the Lurlei,
Shall never break bread any more ;
I ’ll tumble him over as surely
As I yesterday tumbled the boar.’

Then Hans signs to Ludwig to lead on,
And Ludwig on Heinrich attends,
And Heinrich bids Hans bravely speed on,
But not one of the jägers ascends.

The Baron, their courage to rally,
Exhorts them with curses and jeers ;
But no jäger will lead on the sally,
For the ball of Brunello each fears.

And the Baron himself is too burly
To climb up the face of the rock,
Or he'd doubtless have mounted the Lurlei,
Though the rifle was still at full cock.

'Guard the cliff all around,' cries Hockswiller,
'And set on their traces the dog :
My daughter I'll have, should I kill her ;
Brunello I'll slay like a hog.'

But the lovers declare they would rather
Plunge down in the Rhine-flood beneath,
Than yield themselves up to a father,
That threatens so cruel a death.

Kunigunda, in accents most grievous,
Filled the air with her cries as she wept :—
'Oh, Father belovèd, forgive us !
Vergieb uns, mein Vater geleiht !'

And those accents, so piteous and wailing,
The echo repeats long and wild ;
While the wrath of Hockswiller is failing,
As he lists to the cries of his child.

And many a fond recollection
Is thronging his heart and his brain ;
Ah ! strong is a father's affection ;
Pride, anger, oppose it in vain.

He cries, ' Oh ! my child, I forgive thee,
Return, O my daughter, return ;
Thy father's fond arms shall receive thee,
No longer to grieve or to mourn.

' And he that can wake in thy bosom
A passion so ardent, I swear,
You shall marry forthwith, if you choose him :—
Your heart, as he won, let him wear.'

X.

THE WIND-UP.

From the roof of the Schloss the old banner,
('Twas furled up there time out of mind),
Waves to-day in a wild, flighty manner,
As if asking, 'What's now in the wind?'

And the wind might reply : 'I'm just blowing
Your blazoned old rag on the air,
To tell all the world that we're going
To wed Kunigunda the Fair.'

And the wind might have turned round the tower,
That flanked the south-west, did it list,
And breathe on a face in that bower,
As lovely as wind ever kist.

For there Kunigunda is sitting,
As happy as heart can desire :
Her handmaidens round her are flitting,
And donning her bridal attire.

O'er a flask of prime Rheinwein, the Baron
Had a talk with Brunello one night.
And the wine and the chat brought them far on
Towards morning, so pleasant time's flight.

Brunello the secret discloses,
That before to his love he made known ;
The Baron his lineage he shows is
As ancient and high as his own.

He traced back that lineage for ages,
From noblest and purest of blood,
Through princes, and heroes, and sages,
Till the traces were lost in the flood.

O'Briens, O'Neills, and O'Regans ;
O'Conors, O'Donnells, O'Blakes ;
MacMurroughs, MacCarthys, MacEgans ;
And O'Donoghue, Prince of the Lakes.

And then, through his mother, by Jove, he
Had thick Russian blood in his veins,
The dukes of Ukraine and Muscovy,
Esthonians, Livonians, and Fins.

The Vladimirs, Vasilis, Peters ;
The Godonovs, Romanovs, too ;
The Ivans, and Michels, and Fedors,
Dolgorouskis, and heaven knows who.

While the Baron, unversed in the science
Of genealogical lore,
Received, with implicit reliance,
The names that Brunello ran o'er.

But one thing remained to get over,
Though his lineage was ancient and good,
There was not to be found in the lover,
One veinful of true German blood.

And the Baron had sworn that no other,
Should be lord of his child or domains,
But one, who by father or mother,
Had true German blood in his veins.

'Twas this put the maiden in terror,
When her lover declared who he was ;
'Twas this made him furtively bear her
Away on the steed from the Schloss.

But Hockswiller had sworn, still more lately,
The man of her choice she should take ;
Thus the question now puzzled him greatly
Which oath he should keep, and which break.

At length, every scruple to smother,
He did just the thing that was best ;
He set off one oath 'gainst the other,
And so set his conscience at rest.

Next morning, to close the transaction,
To their marriage he gives his assent,
To Brunello's supreme satisfaction,
And the fair Kunigunda's content.

How swiftly the moments fly over
(Ah ! happiest time of their lives)
The heads of the maid and her lover,
Till the day of the bridal arrives.

Oh, then, what a gathering and muster
Of all the great Hockswiller kin !
Like bees in a hive, how they cluster,
And fill the old castle within.

What a clanging of merry bells pealing
From minster, and tower, and dome,
When the priest blest the young couple kneeling,
And oh ! what a grand 'hauling home !'

And then what a feast ! It surpasses
My skill to tell all that was done ;
Such drinking, and clinking of glasses ;
Such joking, and poking of fun.

Hockswiller himself, waxing mellow,
Drank cups of Hockheimer so fast,
To the health of the bride and Brunello,
That the *hoc-cups* brought *hic-cups* at last.

So jovial and right bacchanalian
A wedding there never was seen
In the world, from the nuptials Thessalian
To the 'wedding of Ballyporeen.'

'Tis past ! like the visions that hover
From the sleeper at breaking of day.—
The good Baron's sports are all over ;
His bones in the churchyard are clay.

But when last, with a knapsack on shoulder,
I strolled by the banks of the Rhine
(Alas! I'm now stiffer and older),
I stopped at the Schloss Schwarzenstein.

And I met there a family party,
As jolly as well could be found—
A Frau, fat and buxom and hearty,
With rosy-faced children around.

And her husband, as worthy a fellow
As the Baron that lived there before—
Alexis O'Higgins Brunello
Hockswiller von Knockinfoylemore.





No. IV.

THE KNIGHT OF THE GARTER.

WHEN I first took upon me the office of literary executor to my friend Peter, and opened his Black Box I found, as I mentioned, other articles besides papers, that I said I might yet have to refer to. One of these articles was a small packet, tied up and sealed, with these words inscribed upon it in his own handwriting—‘*Perfida Dolores! Aranjuez, June 20th, 18—*’ (no, Peter, I shall not disclose the year).

On opening the packet I found it contained a pair of Spanish garters, such as are made at Santa Cruz de Mudela, and are sold at all the fairs in Spain. They are made of galloon, about an inch and a-half wide, with a band of red silk running all along the centre, forming the ground, upon which is embroidered in white letters the motto—

‘Tan hermosa eres
Como la Diosa Ceres.’

Along either edge a border of silk thread is woven through the fabric. These *ligas*, or *ligagambas*, as they are

popularly called, are too pretty for concealment, and usually adorn the legs of professional dancers.

A further rummage in the Black Box brought to light the subjoined verses, which solved the mystery of the packet. I strongly suspect that Peter, when he was 'Callidus juvena Consule Planco,' was green enough to fall in love with one of those ladies of the *Baile* who probably attended the Court at Aranjuez during the *jornada*, or season of its annual sojourn there, from spring till June ; and the accidental discovery of a rival brought him to his senses and cured him of his passion. This was very fortunate. Peter was the soul of honour, and it would have been a thousand pities had he married a dancer. The lesson, however, was not lost on him. He remembered the Spanish proverb—'El gato escaldado del agua fria huye.'

JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

CARRIGBAWN, *March 15th*, 1862.

'HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE.'

I lingered once in Aranjuez
In the month of June,
When the sky serene and blue is
Thro' the sultry noon.
The *jornada* just was over,
And the courtiers all were gone ;

In the gardens scarce a lover
Could my wandering eyes discover ;
All the rakes and all the *roués*
Had gone off from Aranjuez—
Gone—and left me all alone.

All alone in Aranjuez,
Still I lingered on—
What my reason so to do is
Nought to any one.
It might be I loved to wander
Through the gardens, and to ponder,
All alone and at my leisure,
On the vanity of pleasure.
It might be, too, that I had a
' Little bill ' at the *posada*
Which I had not cash to pay—
That I waited, day by day,
For that sweetest of all *billet doux*
After which the spirit hankers
More than toppers for a booze—
More than lovers for a lonely walk—
More than old maids for tea and talk—
A billet from one's bankers.

It might be, too—Aye de mi ! Dolores,
Why did I e'er believe those foolish stories?

Well, whatever was the reason,

‘The last man on town,’
At the closing of the season,
Was I—PETER BROWN.

And the Plaza, late so full,
Now was drowsy, hot, and dull ;

Every palace window closed—

Every palace porter dozed,

As, wearied with the last *fiesta*,

He went to take a year's *siesta*--

And silence reigned through every *calle*
Of this famed ‘Sitio reale.’

Lovely vale of Aranjuez !

Jewel of Castile !

Bright thy waters—green the hue is

Of thy meadows still ;

And thy regal gardens—who is

He that ever there has been

May withhold the praise that due is

To so sweet a scene ?

Often, when the sun was shining
Hottest at the hour of noon,
I have sought thy shelter, pining
For relief, till day's declining
In that weary month of June.

Charming gardens !—in thy bowers
Oft I've lain in calm repose
On the greensward decked with flowers,
With a book to cheat the hours—
Now a smoke and now a doze.
Green the foliage, in its fulness
Hanging o'er my sheltered head ;
Through the drowsy air a coolness,
Like an unseen dew, is spread ;
And a sound of waters tinkling
Falls in music on the ear,
And the glittering drops are sprinkling
Freshness from a fountain near ;
While the groves shut out the skylight
With their leafy arms,
Throwing a delicious twilight
Over Nature's charms ;

And the silence deep is broken
Only by the melody—
Sweetest of all 'songs unspoken'—
From the sprays on every tree—
The song of birds that flit and rove
Through the dense umbrageous grove,
Singing through the daylight long,
Till, at the evening hour,
The nightingale takes up the song
From out her lonely bower.
Yet, sweet vale of Aranjuez—
Pity 'tis, but still it true is—
There is not a place all Spain in
Stands in greater need of draining ;
For the vapours from the river
Bring the ague and the fever.
So, when summer once commences,
Everybody in his senses
Flees away, or else he'll rue his
Longer stay in Aranjeuz.

It was night—a night of splendour,
As in Iberian skies is seen ;—

The moon at full—one star to tend her—
Hung in the azure hyaline :
Glorious in her silver brightness,
Holy in her vestal whiteness,
Looked she down in solemn sheen,
Luminous and all serene,
Reigning in the heaven a queen.

It was night—I sat reclining,
Pensive, 'neath a citron tree,
And its branches broke the shining
Of the moonbeams fitfully,
As the gentlest breath of air,
Wafted upwards from the river,
Moved the green leaves here and there,
Shaking out the odour rare
From the golden fruit, as ever
To and fro they sway and quiver.

There in the *huerta* sitting,
Nigh 'the fountain of the swan,'
Listlessly I watched the flitting
Of the waters as they shone,

Dancing in the sweet moonlight,
In their jets of pearly brightness,
Like fair angels of the night
Clothed in robes of glistening whiteness ;
While the rich, soft melody
Of the nightingale came trilling
On the ear entrancingly,
All the air with music filling ;
Till, at last, the sight and sound
Of the water and the bird
Made my brain swim strangely round,
And my senses did confound
'Twixt what I saw and what I heard,
That I thought I *saw* the song
Jets of liquid brightness flinging—
In the fountain heard the tongue
Of the nightingale a-singing.

Thus I sat, my thoughts a-straying,
Sweet Dolores ! ah, how far ;—
Couldst thou with my love be playing ?—
Couldst thou meditate betraying ?—

‘Never!—by this light!’ I cried,
As from my breast I took, and sighed,
And to my longing lips applied,
 Another fresh cigar!
So I sighed and smoked, Dolores,
 As I sadly thought on thee,
And those half-forgotten stories
 Rose again to memory
In my jealous heart. No bore is
 Half so great as jealousy.
But the smoking and the sighing
 Calmed my heart and soothed my pain,
Till I felt—there’s no denying—
 All my love return again.
So I lost my grief and anger
In a most delicious languor,
And I turned my loving gaze
Towards the palace, as the rays
Gleamed on that little barred *ventana*
Where first I saw my heart’s sultana;
Where so oft at eventide,
 At the *reja*, love, I wooed thee,

Through the grating as I sighed
All my ardent passion to thee.
Sweet *al frescos*—a flirtation
Known but to the Spanish nation—
Where, at either side the grating,
Lovers by the hour stay prating—
Breathing words as hot as lava,
As they say—‘*Pelar la pava.*’

At that moment, as my gaze bent
Lovingly upon that casement,
Came a sound upon the night—
A sound that made my nerves to jar—
The thrumming of a ‘light guitar’—
And then I saw a sight :
A muffled form, to my amazement,
Stood beneath that window’s basement,
Clear in the moonbeam’s light.
Slouched he wore his peaked *sombrero*,
With his *capa embozada* ;
Ah !—’twas plain the Caballero
Underneath the window had a
Love affair on hands to-night.

Noiselessly I watched him, then
Breathlessly I listened, when
He swept the strings, and, with a clang,
His *serenata* thus he sang.
Ah ! I never shall forget
The Caballero's verse—
The memory of it haunts me yet—
The words I can rehearse.

THE CABALLERO'S SERENATA.

‘VEN A LA REJA.’

‘Come to me, lady-love, come to the grating,
Here in the garden my vigil I keep,
Come to the *reja*—thy lover is waiting—
Sweet, let his melody wake thee from sleep.

‘Bright Aranjuez is rich in her flowers,
The rose and the pink and the lily so fair ;
The citron and orange bloom fresh in her bowers,
And load with their odorous breathings the air.

‘ But richer than pinks, than the roses still
brighter,

More fragrant than citron and orange thou art,
And the hue of thy bosom is purer and whiter
Than the down on the lily—oh, flower of my
heart.

‘ To see is to love thee—to love thee brings
sadness,

Mirarte es amarte y amarte sufrir ;
But come still, and turn all my sorrow to gladness,
Tornarase gozo mi triste gemir.

‘ Then come to the reja—one word to thy lover
From thy ruby-red lips to his heart will be bliss;
One word, and his fears and despair are all over,
When he asks thee to love, let that one word
be “ Yes ! ”

‘ O ven á esa reja, ven ya mi Señóra,
Y dulce tu labio de fino carmin
Vertiendo en mi pecho caudales de gozo
Le dé la esperanza de un placido “ Si.”

When the serenade was over
Of the cloaked, mysterious lover,
I perceived a figure stealing
To the *reja*, and concealing
Cautiously her form and face
In a mantilla fringed with lace.
Then she spoke—low words she uttered—
Ah !—that voice I knew too well ;—
Fast and wild the pulsés fluttered
At my heart beneath its spell.

‘ Carída ! tan hermosa éres,’
Cried the lover, tenderly ;
‘ Como la Diosa Ceres—
Take this pledge, beloved, from me.’
‘ Wear it,’ said the Caballero,
‘ When thou dancest, round thy knee,
In the *Baile or Bolero*—
Wear it then, and think of me.

‘ Emblem of Love’s silken fetter
De tu querer esclavo soy
Than my life I love thee better—
El corazon yo te doy.’

As he spoke, the Caballero
On his heart his hand did place,
Then he lifted his sombrero
With a solemn, stately grace.

Then he placed within the grating
Something that I could not see,
Where the lady's hand was waiting
To receive it graciously.
And then he murmured, quite *piano*
'Beso á usted la mano.'

Now my anger growing stronger
Than my prudence, I no longer
Could control it—forth I rushed
Wildly from my citron bower,
Many a rare and precious flower
Trampling recklessly, I crushed.

And I cried—'Perfidious woman!
Heartless! treacherous! inhuman!
Aqui estoy yo!'—

I stumbled,
Something tripped me and I tumbled
Falling headlong, hands and face on
Into a fountain's marble basin.

When a man is in a passion
There is nothing half so good
As a plunge-bath of this fashion
Just to cool his heated blood.

Up I rose, with water dripping
Like the river gods around,
Shambling, scrambling, tripping, slipping,
Till I reached the level ground ;
A wiser and a sadder man
Than when my headlong race began.
When I looked up to the grating
Where the lovers had been prating,
All was still and lonely there :
And my eyes could not discover
False Dolores or her lover

Anywhere—

Both had vanished from my sight,
As ghosts before the morning light,
Dissolve into the air.

There I stood in deep amazement,
Underneath that lonely casement,
In the moon's pale beam.—
Was it all some strange illusion ?
A phantom of my brain's confusion,
Or a horrid dream
From the stomach ? was my question—
Truffles and an indigestion ?

While the matter thus debating
With myself, I chanced to see
Something hanging from the grating
In the moonlight flutteringly.
Quick, I pulled it down—'Confusion !
'Tis no dream—'tis no delusion.'

I felt savage as a Tartar
As I scanned it—'Ah, Caramba !'
I exclaimed, 'A *ligagamba* !
Mil demonios !—'TIS A GARTER !'

I scanned the garters ! By the light
Of the moon I read that night
A legend on them, all in white :

It was '*Tan hermosa eres*
Como la Diosa Ceres,'
Then I saw it all—'Dolores,
I can *now* believe those stories.'

Through the 'Calle de la Reyna'
To my inn I took my way,
Cured completely of the mania
That had led my heart astray.
O'er a glass of Manzanilla,
Calmly smoking a cigar,
I forgave that stately fellow
With his garters and guitar.

And Dolores, I forgave her,
Though I could not quite approve
Of her rather strange behaviour,
So to trifle with my love.

.
Many a day is past and over,
Waned is many a moon,
Since I saw that *capa'd* lover
In the month of June ;

Since I heard him sing and play a
Serenata at the *reja*,
In thy gardens, Aranjuez ;
And my blood less hot, Eheu ! is,
My heart less soft, my eye less bright,
My form less slim, my step less light,
And I've got the slightest dash
Of grey in whisker and moustache—
And, if the truth must just be told,
I, PETER BROWN, am growing old.
But still 'tis pleasant to rehearse
The scenes of youth in prose or verse,
To live again my young days over,
To be once more the youthful lover.
A pensive pleasure mixed with pain,
When I 'went gypsying' in Spain.

Oft at night, a lonely fellow
O'er a glass of *vino seco*
(I never drink your weedy Pekoe)
Does my heart again grow mellow.
As I smoke a mild cigar,
My thoughts go wandering afar ;

And, when I call up many a scene
In distant lands where I have been,
My memory faithful still and true is
To the sweet vale of Aranjuez.

Then, too, I think of bright Dolores,
And long to know her fate ;
If, in spite of all those stories,
She has found a mate.—

Did she ever give her heart or
Hand to that tall Spanish hero
Of 'the light guitar' and garter,
The serenading Caballero ?

Was he a 'hombre muy honrado
Y de bien ?' or a scamp,
Such as one sees in square or prado,

One of those rakehelly fellows
That at night beneath a lamp
In the lonely callejuelas
Serenade the gitanillas ?—

One of those wild *calaveras*
That pay court to *cigarreras* ?—
Vain these subjects to explore is—
'*Quede con Dios,*' sweet Dolores !



No. V.

ST. JOHN'S OF SHOTTESBROOKE.

I FOUND a memorandum in Peter's handwriting, pinned to the poem which follows. All his life he was fond of walking, and would stroll, from morning till evening, through green lanes and over mountains, and by the banks of rivers, making believe to shoot or fish. I don't think any one was ever much the better of these excursions in the way of eatables. Bag and basket generally came home rather empty to the friend's house, or the village inn where he stopped. The paper contained jottings of some rambles in Berkshire and the adjoining counties. I give all that appertains to the present subject. 'July 18th. Spent a pleasant day or two with C——. Man of many gifts—mathematician, artist, novelist, poet—a Grecian in soul and brain, a Bohemian to the backbone, inimitable lyrist, indefatigable tramper, inveterate smoker, incessant swiper. Rambled with him all day long through lovely scenes; went to Shottesbrooke—what a pretty old church, and graceful steeple—a chantry founded in 1387, by Sir William Trussell. The sexton showed us an old tomb-

stone with two 'O's' cut rudely on it, and told us the story connected with it; how the blacksmith who fixed the weather-cock on the top of the spire, called for a pot of beer to drink the health of the king, and after emptying the vessel lost his balance, fell down and was killed. Old Elias Ashmole says it was the architect who met this sad fate, but I incline to the sexton's version. Swiping smacks more of your blacksmith than your architect, and so I give the former the *benefit* of the doubt.'

JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

CARRIGBAWN, *July* 1862.

A BERKSHIRE LEGEND.

SHOTTESBROOKE Church is near Shottesbrooke Hall,

The house rather great and the church rather small,

But a gem of a church in its way all the while;

A cathedral in miniature, Gothic in style;

With choir and with transept, with nave and with aisle,

And tower and steeple built in the diagonal—

The former is square, and the latter octagonal,

And tapering and graceful and wondrously tall,

With a weathercock perched on the top of a ball.

This Church of the Baptist is built in the cruciform,

And I'm free to confess that if I were to choose
a form

For my own delectation

And edification,

Severe, and yet graceful, expanded, not loose of
form,

To rear up a church to some saint, I would use
a form

Just the same in its style

As the quaint little pile,

With its calm, holy look,

In that elm-sheltered nook,

The Church of the Baptist—Saint John's, Shottesbrooke.

Sir William de Trussell was a worthy old knight
As ever pricked steed or couched lance in a fight ;

No man could be stauncher

At sirloin, or haunch, or

Chalice or flagon of sack or of ale ;

No wight could be found

Through the country all round,

In Wiltshire, or Oxford, or Berks, I'll be bound,

Who could fight more, or kill more ;

Who could eat more, or swill more ;

More could tipple and guzzle

Till filled to the muzzle,

Than this jolly old fellow, Sir William de Trussell.

We all have our crosses, I guess, in life ;

Sir William had two, so goes the story—

One was armorial, to wit, a 'cross flory,'

The other corporeal, to wit, a cross wife :

The first he bore on his arms in fight,

The second he bore in his arms at night ;

But, if truth must be told,

This warrior bold

Felt the weight of his arms,

Less than that of her charms,

For my Lady de Trussell was given to scold.

The dame had the fame of the rigidest piety,

The knight was a wight of most doubtful sobriety;

And whenever he chanced to take too much drink

(About seven times in the week, I should think),

And his eyes grew red and his speech grew thicker,
My lady perceived that her lord was in liquor,
And was justly shocked at his breach of
propriety.

Then she took him to task
For his love of the flask ;
With sermons and sneers
She belaboured his ears,
Till a storm at last of hysterical tears
Put an end to the daily connubial bicker.

Now it chanced one day,
When the dame was away,
Some of his boon companions gay
Turned in for pot-luck to Sir William de Trussell—
Swash-bucklers and gallants with swagger and
bustle,
Rakehelly fellows, omnipotent trencher-men ;
For drinking, or fighting, or larking, no stauncher
men.

Down they sat at the jolly knight's table,
And they ate and they drank hard
From platter and tankard,

Till each merry fellow
With drink grew so mellow;
That to sit or to drink he no longer was able.
So when no one could sit
Or drink any more,
They fell down on the floor,
And Sir William was taken off to bed in a fit!
They put him to bed,
A deplorable sight,
Poor fellow!
For he looked like one dead,
His lips were so white,
And his face so yellow.

The sight of the knight in this doleful plight
Softened the heart of his lady quite
When she came up to her chamber at night :
Then a happy thought, or
An instinct, taught her
To drive out the Devil of Wine by water.
So water cold and water hot,
They poured on the head of the senseless sot,
And water hot and water cold,
In gallons and pails-full not to be told ;

Water inside and water out,
Above, below, and all about,
Till at last with a sigh he opened his eye,
And said to a groom that was standing by,
 ‘Giles, do you hear,
Bring me a pot of the smallest beer.’
But no beer would they give him—no, not a drop;
But they gave him plenty of aqueous slop—
 Water drenches and water stupes,
 Water gruel and water soups,
Till my lady saw his recovery sure;
 And in two or three days,
 To all people’s amaze,
The knight was a ‘perfect (water) cure.’

All the time the knight lay a-bed,
His lady preached and his lady prayed
On the sin of the pottle-pot and bowl,
Till she troubled his conscience and tortured his
soul.

Then an oath he sware
To his lady fair—
‘By the cross on my shield,
A church I’ll build,

And therefore the deuce a form
Is so fit as the cruciform ;
And the patron saint that I find the aptest
Is that holiest water-saint—John the Baptist.'

Out of his bed the knight arose,
He put on his doublet, he put on his hose,
And, fierce as a Tartar,
Soon in stone and in mortar.

He was up to his eyes, and gave nobody
quarter

Till Shottesbrooke Church, with its nave and its
choir,

Its transept and arches, its tower and its spire—
Save the vane on the summit—was finished entire.

'Who will fix the vane on the steeple?'

Sir William de Trussell cried—

And he looked around among his people,
But none of his people replied.

Painter and glazier,

Tinker and brazier,

Carver and gilder and hewer of stone,

Joiner and mason, one by one,

Shook his head and skulked aside,
Till Sir William de Trussell
Was quite in a puzzle,

And swore at his men in a way most profane—
'Will none of you, rascals, go put up the vane?'

Then forth stepped a fellow, swarthy and strong,
His chest was broad and his arms were long—
'Marry, Sir William, I and my fellows
With hammer and tongs, and fire and bellows,
Fashioned the vane. I'll do your desire,
And place it myself on the top of the spire.
I only ask, when I've put it up,
That you will send me a brimming cup
Of ale to drink to our good king——'
'Dickon Smith, I'll do that thing,
And, more than that, when thou com'st down,
I'll line thy pouch with a dozen crown.'

They lifted the smith by pulley and rope
Along the steeple's dizzy slope,
And when the smith was safely up
They hoisted a tankard of ale and a cup.

The smith he fixed the vane in its place,
And he made it fast with an iron brace ;
Then out of the tankard he filled the cup
With foaming ale. Then standing up,
He waved it over his head with a swing,
And cried, as he drained it, ' Long live the king !'
A moment he stands, to the people he calls—
He wavers, he falters—oh heaven ! he falls !
Smashing and dashing and whirling around
From steeple and tower with crashing rebound,
Limb-crushed and quivering,
Gore-stained and shivering,
Moaning and groaning he falls to the ground.
Up they took him,
And shook him,
But all was in vain ;
His bones were all broken :
He never gave token
Of feeling again,
Except one word spoken
To tell of his pain,
On a stretcher when lifting him,
Shaking and shifting him :

'Twas only one syllable,
For I guess he was ill able
Even to utter it,
Or rather to mutter it—

A sound interjectional, something like 'O,'
Then a spasm and a shudder from head to toe,
And Dick Smith became rigid,
And lifeless and frigid.

Sir William de Trussell, with doleful surprise,
Heard the poor fellow's cries,
And profoundly replies
To his 'O's' with 'My eyes !'

They buried the smith on the spot where he fell,
With prayer of priest and toll of bell ;
Over his body they placed a stone,
And carved, in memory of his moan,
Upon the slab two large round 'O's,'
Which the bald-headed sexton shows
To any stray peripatetic that's willing
To look at the church and to give him a shilling.

Dickon Smith's fate has an excellent moral
For folks that drink beer from the pot or the
barrel.

Never stand at your tippie, nor vapour, nor
swagger ;

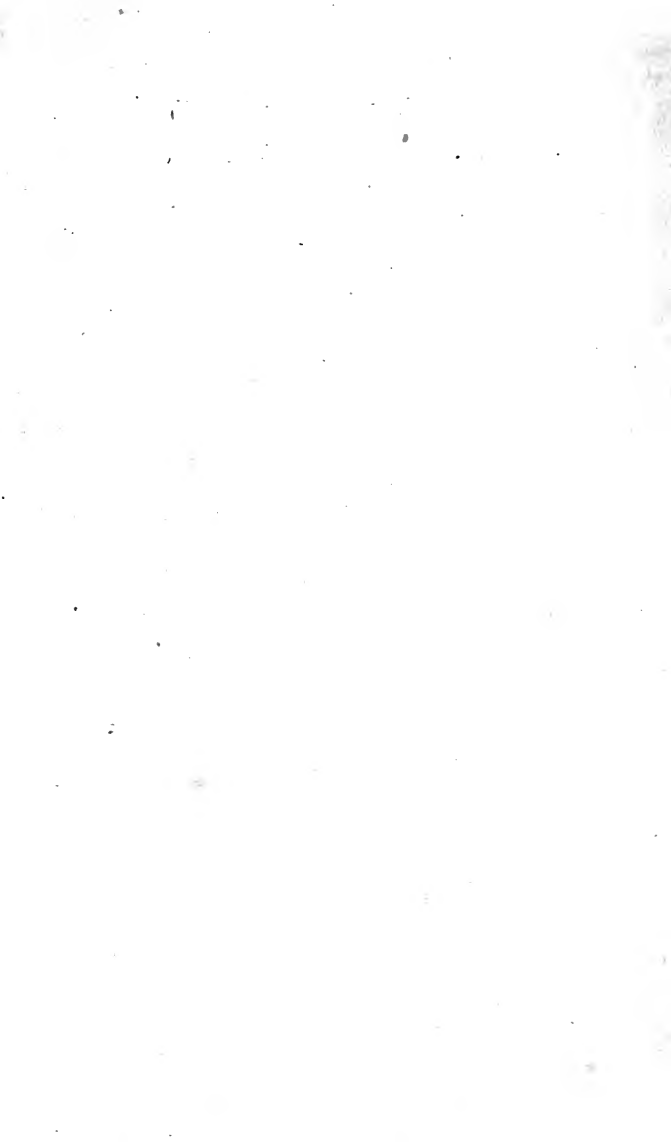
Never drink out o' doors, or perhaps you may
stagger.

At home or abroad, drink within doors and sitting,
And you'll carry your liquor discreetly and fitting.

Above all, this advice I would give all good
people—

Never drink beer on the top of a steeple !





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